Green Man IV Poems

Swiftly set in motion, four revolving roads, all led back before you.

I sometimes wish for one less stick; God forbid my wish is granted, apiece apart the house I planted, a hand severed from a finger prick.

William games in a billiard hall and plays with a crooked cue, when he hits the eight and sinks the ball he doesn't know what to do.

Would you trust a clown that up is down and farther out is further in, that we all share the same father and we all have a dark twin?

Work and prayer make me a master and savor time which would go faster. Instead of running door to door, I'm with the son who I adore.

Whether or not this is a dream doesn't matter much to me. I'm faced with god at every scene and catch a glimpse at what they mean.

The day will come when we are older,
and that candle burns into a smolder.
Night becomes, and friendship ends.
In the morning, we will meet again.

A faceless king reigns upon an ivory throne,
wrapped in a quilt on which the world is sewn.
A beam of light betwixt a sea of deathly mist.

In the secret wood, there's an evil eye, that carved its den from a wonderful lie. Where those who run and hide from pain: The lost can go to play its game.

Double-proof this swill of mine in Lord's mill
to make it fine, so truths wise may gain
protection from ignorant ill-intention.

Life flashes before the eyes, taken by that dark mirror of meanings funneled into from the thought of what has been and will be.